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The MONSTROUS PLANT

IT CERTAINLY WAS A BREAK FOR US WHEN OUR NATIVE GUIDE LOST HIS WAY, SYLVIA...BECAUSE WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO A BOTANICAL PARADISE! WE'RE PROBABLY THE FIRST BOTANISTS EVER TO SET FOOT IN THIS PART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE...OR TO SET EYES ON SUCH WEIRD, UN-EARTHLY PLANTS AS THESE!

THAT ISN'T THE ONLY WEIRD THING ABOUT THIS JUNGLE, ARTHUR! I...I HAVE THE STRANGEST SENSATION THAT THERE ARE EYES WATCHING US...GLARING AT US!

DARKEST AFRICA...BREEDING GROUND OF WEIRD SUPERNATURAL RITES... DEMONICAL WITCH-DOCTORS...YES, EVEN OF A STRANGE, MONSTROUS PLANT LIFE! AND WHEN A MYSTERIOUS SEED IS BROUGHT TO CIVILIZATION FROM THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE'S VAST UNKNOWN, IT YIELDS THE STRANGEST AND MOST GHASTLY FRUIT EVER TO BE SEEN BY MORTAL EYES!

SUDDENLY...

GURU-YINH!

OH-HH!

ARTHUR
HELP!

I...I CAN'T,
DARLING...
THEY'VE GOT
US! THERE ARE
TOO MANY OF
THEM...IT'S
USELESS TO
STRUGGLE!

YOU COME
WHITE
MEDICINE.
MAN WANTS
YOU!

HOURS LATER, AFTER A WEARY TREK THROUGH THE DENSE JUNGLE...

WE'VE BEEN HEADING DUE SOUTH --- RIGHT INTO TERRITORY MARKED "UNEXPLORED" ON OUR MAPS! AND THAT MEANS NO WHITE MAN EVER CAME OUT OF THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE ALIVE TO TALK ABOUT IT---AND CERTAINLY NO WHITE MAN WOULD EVER STAY HERE TO BECOME A MEDICINE-MAN!

BUT THE NATIVES MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT ABOUT A WHITE MEDICINE-MAN BEING HERE---OR ELSE HOW COULD THEY HAVE LEARNED BROKEN ENGLISH?



GREAT GUNS... HE IS A WHITE MAN!

AHH...AT LAST...I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN MY NATIVE SCOUTS TOLD ME THAT TWO WHITE "HERB-PICKERS" WERE NEARBY!



FOR YEARS, I'VE BEEN HANGING ONTO LIFE BY SHEER WILL POWER, HOPING FOR SOME BOTAISTS FROM CIVILIZATION TO COME ALONG NOW I---SIMON MC BANE---CAN LET MYSELF DIE!

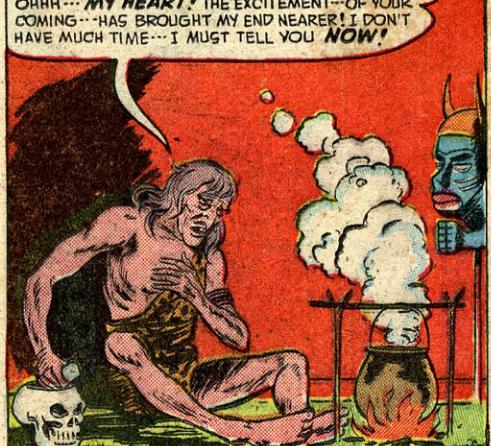
WHAT... SIMON ME BANE?

BUT...BUT YOU CAN'T BE **THE** SIMON MC BANE ---THE GREAT BOTANIST WHO VANISHED IN THE JUNGLES 30 YEARS AGO!

YES...MY WHOLE EXPEDITION PERISHED OF A DEADLY TROPICAL DISEASE --- BUT I WAS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH WITH THE AID OF STRANGE HERBS AND OCCULT RITES ADMINISTERED BY THIS VILLAGE'S MEDICINE MAN! AND WHEN I SAW THAT THERE WERE THINGS TO LEARN HERE FAR BEYOND THE PUNY REACHES OF CIVILIZED SCIENCE---FAR BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF THE GREAT UN-KNOWN---I BECAME HIS PUPIL AND TOOK OVER AFTER HE DIED! SINCE THEN, COMBINING SCIENCE WITH SORCERY, I'VE LEARNED THINGS NO MORTAL EVER KNEW---THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, O...

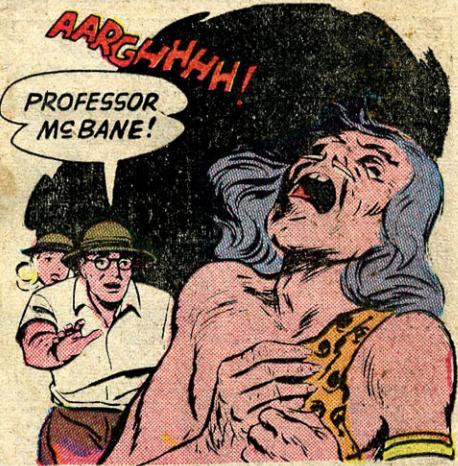
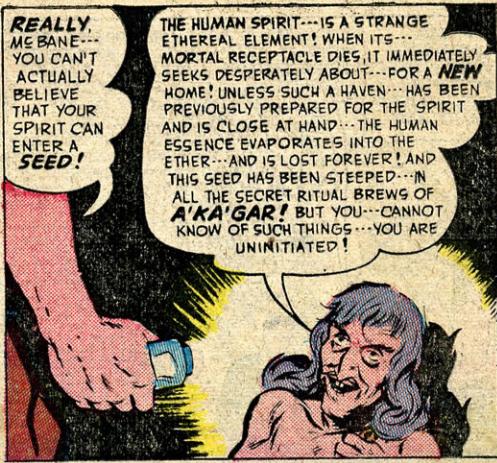


OHHH... **MY HEART!** THE EXCITEMENT---OF YOUR COMING---HAS BROUGHT MY END NEARER! I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME---I MUST TELL YOU **NOW!**



IN THIS BOTTLE---ARE SEALED INSTRUCTIONS---AND THE SEED---WHICH YOU ARE TO PLANT WHEN YOU RETURN TO CIVILIZATION! MY NATIVES --- COULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED---MY COMPLICATED BOTANICAL DIRECTIONS ---BUT I KNOW THAT **YOU** WILL CARRY THEM OUT---EXACTLY AS I HAVE WRITTEN THEM!





WEEKS
LATER, BACK
IN THE WAYNE'S
BOTANICAL
GREENHOUSE IN
MARYLAND...

SO YOU'RE
ACTUALLY
GOING THROUGH
WITH IT!

YES --- SAY, THIS IS STRANGE!
MC BANE'S INSTRUCTIONS
CALL FOR KEEPING THE
PLANT AT A CONSTANT
TEMPERATURE OF 70°...
THE MOST HEALTHFUL
TEMPERATURE FOR HUMANS!
AND THE PERCENTAGES OF MINERALS
LIKE CALCIUM AND PHOSPHOROUS THAT
HE WANTED PLACED IN THE SOIL ARE
THE EXACT PERCENTAGES OF THOSE
MINERALS IN THE
HUMAN
BODY!



WELL, I'LL JUST FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS
EXACTLY --- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
HERE GOES! THE SEED'S PLANTED!



TIME PASSES --- BOUNTIFUL MOTHER NATURE TAKES HER COURSE!
ALL OVER THE EARTH, GREEN THINGS SPROUT AND GROW --- WHEAT IN
THE UKRAINE, EVERGREENS IN NORWAY --- AND STRANGE FRUIT
IN A MARYLAND GREENHOUSE!



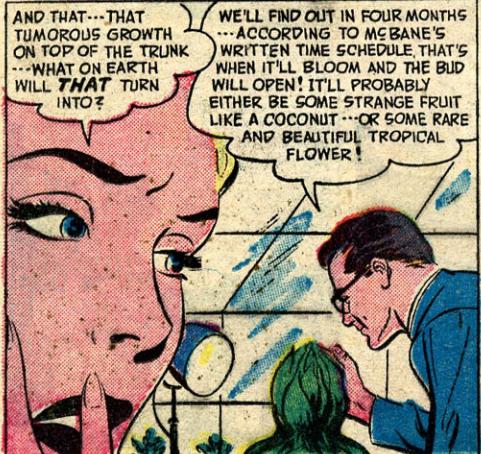
IT'S COMING ALONG WONDERFULLY, ISN'T IT,
DARLING? I DON'T MIND SPENDING TIME
CARING FOR IT --- IT'S SUCH A RADICALLY NEW
SPECIES THAT IT'LL MAKE US FAMOUS IN
THE WORLD OF BOTANY!

UGH! IT'S HORRIBLE-
LOOKING --- I GET THE
COLD CREEPS EVERY
TIME I SEE IT!



AND THAT --- THAT
TUMOROUS GROWTH
ON TOP OF THE TRUNK
--- WHAT ON EARTH
WILL THAT TURN
INTO?

WE'LL FIND OUT IN FOUR MONTHS
--- ACCORDING TO MC BANE'S
WRITTEN TIME SCHEDULE, THAT'S
WHEN IT'LL BLOOM AND THE BUD
WILL OPEN! IT'LL PROBABLY
EITHER BE SOME STRANGE FRUIT
LIKE A COCONUT --- OR SOME RARE
AND BEAUTIFUL TROPICAL
FLOWER!



AND THAT REMINDS ME --- MC BANE'S INSTRUCTIONS
CALL FOR A BATTERY OF ULTRA-VIOLET AND INFRA-
RED LAMPS TO BE FOCUSED ON THE PLANT EVERY
NIGHT FOR THE FINAL FOUR MONTHS --- AND I'LL HAVE
TO START USING THEM NOW! ALL THESE LAMPS
ADD UP TO THOUSANDS OF WATTS --- I HOPE WE
DON'T GET A SHORT CIRCUIT WHEN I TURN
THEM ON!



NO, IT DIDN'T BLOW A FUSE---BUT I'M GOING TO! THOUSANDS OF WATTS BURNING AWAY FROM SUNSET TO SUNRISE FOR FOUR MONTHS---JUST THINK OF OUR ELECTRIC BILL! WE---WE SIMPLY WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD IT!

WE'VE GOT TO AFFORD IT! THE SAME THIS PLANT WILL BRING US IS WORTH ANY SACRIFICE!

BUT HOURS LATER...

HE'S ASLEEP...HE'LL NEVER KNOW I SNEAKED DOWN HERE TO TURN THOSE LAMPS OFF! I CAN'T SEE THROWING HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AWAY ON A MANIAC'S RAVING DREAM...AND I'LL DO THIS EVERY NIGHT FOR THE NEXT FOUR MONTHS! AND SINCE I ALWAYS GET UP FIRST IN THE MORNING, I CAN ALWAYS GAY I TURNED THEM OFF WHEN I AWOKE!



I WONDER WHAT EFFECT THIS WILL HAVE ON THE PLANT...I HOPE IT KILLS IT...OH!...I SEEM TO FEEL A THROBBING WITHIN THE TRUNK...LIKE...LIKE THE PULSING OF A HEART! IT---IT MUST BE MY IMAGINATION!

FOUR MONTHS LATER...

ARTHUR---ISN'T THE PLANT'S BUD SUPPOSED TO BLOOM TONIGHT?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO REMIND ME, SYLVIA...

I'VE BEEN IMPATIENTLY WAITING FOR THIS NIGHT FOR MONTHS!

AS SOON AS I FINISH GOING THROUGH THIS AFTERNOON'S MAIL, I'LL GO DOWN TO THE GREENHOUSE AND START MY VIGIL!



STRANGE---THIS ELECTRIC BILL IT'S TOO LITTLE! THE BATTERY OF GREENHOUSE LAMPS CAN'T BE INCLUDED IN IT! SYLVIA---WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

WELL, NOW THAT THE FOUR MONTHS ARE UP, I GUESS I CAN TELL YOU! AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP EACH NIGHT, I WENT DOWN AND TURNED OFF ALL THE LAMPS... BECAUSE...



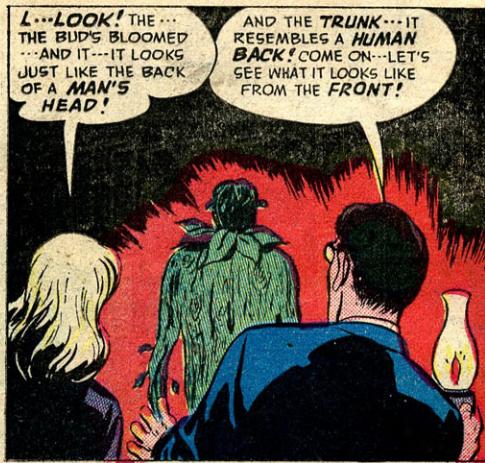
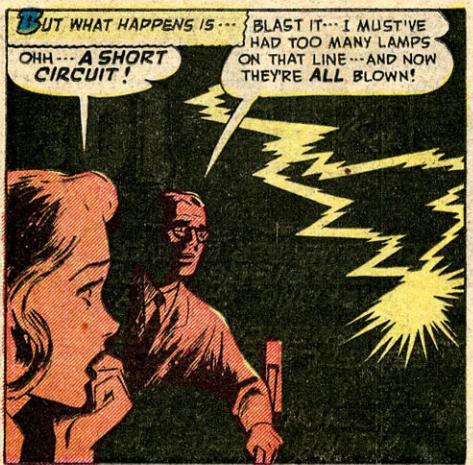
HOW COULD YOU HAVE DONE THAT---FOR ANY REASON? THE PLANT MIGHT NOT BLOOM AT ALL NOW! I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN AND GET SOME MORE U-V AND I-R LAMPS... PERHAPS IF I PUT A HUGE BATTERY ON TONIGHT, IT'LL MAKE UP A LITTLE BIT FOR ALL THE NIGHTS IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY!



TWO HOURS LATER...

IT'S DARK---IT TOOK ME LONGER THAN I THOUGHT TO FIND STORES THAT CARRIED THESE! BUT MAYBE THERE'S STILL TIME! I'LL JUST CONNECT THESE LAMPS TO THE OTHERS... AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!





Sylvia steps nearer...and suddenly, with the swiftness of a striking python...

YES, NEARER...NEARER...
INTO THE RANGE OF MY
CREEPERS!

OHHH!



ARTHUR
HELP!

LET GO OF
HER...YOU...
YOU MONSTER!

SHE'LL PAY FOR WHAT
SHE'S DONE TO ME...
AND YOU FOR THAT
INSULT!



IT...IT'S GOT
ME! I CAN'T
MOVE!

YES, YOU'RE **BOTH** HELPLESS BEFORE
THE STRENGTH AND POWER IN MY
JUNGLE CREEPERS...AND YOU'LL
DIE WITHIN MY GRIP! YOU'LL **PAY**
FOR HAVING MADE ME A PITIBLE,
HELPLESSLY-ROOTED VEGETABLE
...AND DESTROYING THE FREEDOM
AND POWER I COULD HAVE HAD
AS A MAN!



AS THE CREEPERS
SLOWLY TIGHTEN...

CRUSHING ME
...HARD TO...
BREATHE...



Sylvia!
She...she
fainted!

NOW I CAN RELEASE HER
---AND GIVE MY UNDIVIDED
ATTENTION TO **YOU**!
SHE'LL COME LATER!



ARGH!

IT WORKED...
HE DOESN'T
NOTICE
ME!



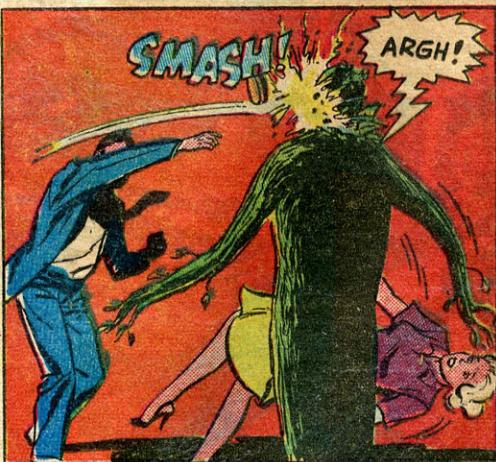
NOW IF I CAN USE THIS
FIRE-AXE...BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE...



**BEFORE THE PLANT-MONSTER CAN SENSE
THE SWIFT MOVEMENT...**



**HE'S DROPPED ARTHUR!
MAYBE I CAN... GET
AWAY...**





*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

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The HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE

THE SUDDEN howling of the wind made Harriet shudder with a strange, nameless dread. Wrapping her robe around her, she got out of bed and went to the window to fasten the clacking shutter that had somehow worked loose during the night. But when she stretched her hand through the open window into the clammy night air, fumbling for the shutter, she was suddenly transfixed with horror as her hand touched something cold and slimy...something that was *alive!*

In a frenzy of fear, she withdrew her hand, shrank away from the window. Feeling the strong tides of hysteria welling up within her, Harriet tried to control herself...she must have been mistaken, there was nothing beyond that window but the sheer 200-foot drop of the lighthouse, and nothing below it but the storm-tossed seas beating savagely on the jagged reefs. There could be nothing human outside her window, she fiercely told herself...nothing alive could have climbed that sheer lighthouse wall!

Then...then what was that...that *thing* taking shape on the window-ledge? Harriet's eyes dilated in terror as she saw the two corpse-white hands reach up from below and grab the ledge. Her blood seemed to freeze within her as the hands were followed by two slimy arms, entangled in seaweed...as if some nameless being from the depths had climbed the lighthouse wall and was now pulling itself up into the room.

Harriet didn't wait to see any more...but fled in utter panic out of the room, down...down the

spiralling staircase until she reeled dizzily and had to pause for breath. Oh, why...why had she let her husband accept this job of keeper of a lighthouse which had already sent three men plunging to their deaths as suicides on the jagged rocks below the tower...and why had she let John take the launch into town for supplies on this very first night they were there?

But she had no time for such idle regrets...that...that *thing* might be coming down the stairway after her right this moment. Fear lent wings to her feet, and she fairly flew down the last remaining steps leading to the lighthouse door. But there she paused, for the door was slowly opening...and two corpse-white hands were reaching towards her...hands that trailed seaweed!

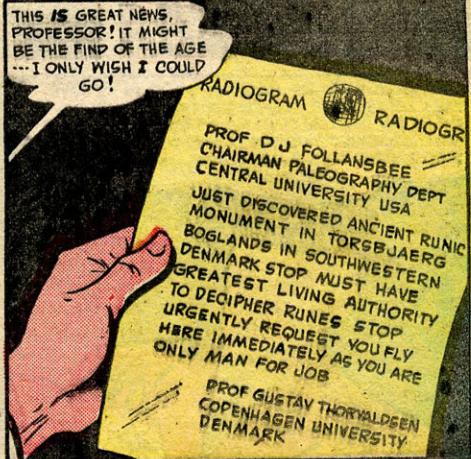
Harriet shrieked...and awoke!

When she realized it had all been a nightmare, probably brought on by the fact that she was all alone in the strange lighthouse, she tried laughing at her foolish fears...but the sudden howling of the wind made Harriet shudder with a strange, nameless dread. Wrapping her robe around her, she got out of bed and went to the window to fasten the clacking shutter that had somehow worked loose during the night. But when she stretched her hand through the open window into the clammy night air, fumbling for the shutter, she was suddenly transfixed with horror as her hand touched something cold and slimy...something that was *alive!*

The GHOSTLY GOTHS



GOTHS ... THE NAME THAT STRUCK TERROR IN THE HEARTS OF EUROPEANS FROM THE BALTIc TO ASIA-MINOR 1500 YEARS AGO! FOR THESE WERE THE WILD AND TERRIBLE TRIBESMEN WHO RAVAGED AND CONQUERED EVEN THE MIGHTY ROMAN EMPIRE! NO CAESAR COULD EVER SUBDUe THAT SAVAGE, WARLIKE RACE AS LONG AS THEY LIVED ... AND HERE'S A CHALLENGING STORY OF HOW THEIR FIGHTING HOSTS ROSE FROM THE DEAD ... TO WREAK A GHOSTLY VENGEANCE ON A MODERN-DAY TYRANT!



BUT YOU CAN GO, CHARLES! AT 70, I'M TOO OLD TO GO WANDERING AROUND IN ANY BOGLANDS... AND SO I ALREADY WIRED THORVALDSEN THAT I WAS SENDING THE SECOND BEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON RUNIC INSCRIPTIONS... DR. CHARLES WENTWORTH! YOU'RE MY PROTEGE, CHARLES... THE MOST BRILLIANT STUDENT I EVER HAD! I'VE TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW... AND NOW YOU WILL HAVE THE HONOR OF DECRYPTING THIS GREAT NEW FIND!

IT--IT IS A GREAT HONOR, PROFESSOR... THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! BUT THERE'S BLANCHE, HERE-- I DON'T WANT TO BE SEPARATED FROM HER!

YOU WON'T BE, DARLING-- BECAUSE I'M GOING WITH YOU! I WON'T LET YOU PASS UP THIS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY... AND NO OLD BOGLANDS ARE GOING TO KEEP ME FROM YOUR SIDE! COME ON... LET'S START PACKING!



BLANCHE! YOU DON'T INTEND TAKING THAT RIDICULOUS PORTABLE PHONOGRAPH ALONG, DO YOU?

I MOST CERTAINLY DO! WHILE YOU'RE OUT PUTTERING AMONG THOSE RUINED RUNES, I INTEND TO HAVE SOMETHING THAT'LL HELP PASS AWAY THE TIME!



ER-- EXACTLY WHAT ARE RUNES, CHARLES?

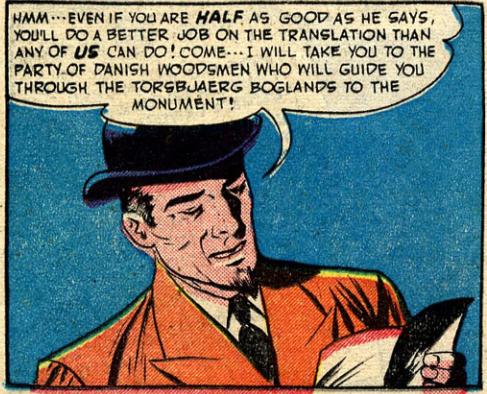
IT'S THE OLDEST FORM OF GOTHIc WRITING, FIRST USED IN DENMARK BY THE ANCIENT HERUL TRIBE IN THE 3RD CENTURY... AFTER WHICH IT SPREAD ALL OVER NORTHERN EUROPE AND EVEN INTO ENGLAND! THE RUNES SOON CAME TO BE USED FOR MAGICAL PURPOSES AND INSCRIPTIONS... ESPECIALLY IN THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS, WHERE THE SPIRITS WERE SAID TO DWELL!



DENMARK... THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCT-
YOU ARE DR. CHARLES WENT-
VINCE YOU OF
WORTH? BUT...
MY ABILITIES
PROF. THORVALDSEN!
YOU BE SUCH
A GREAT RUNIC
AUTHORITY
WHEN YOU ARE
SO YOUNG?
I MAY BE YOUNG
IN AGE, BUT I'M
AS OLD AS
METHUSELAH
WHEN IT COMES
TO DECRYPTING
RUNES!



HMM... EVEN IF YOU ARE HALF AS GOOD AS HE SAYS, YOU'LL DO A BETTER JOB ON THE TRANSLATION THAN ANY OF US CAN DO! COME-- I WILL TAKE YOU TO THE PARTY OF DANISH WOODSMEN WHO WILL GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS TO THE MONUMENT!

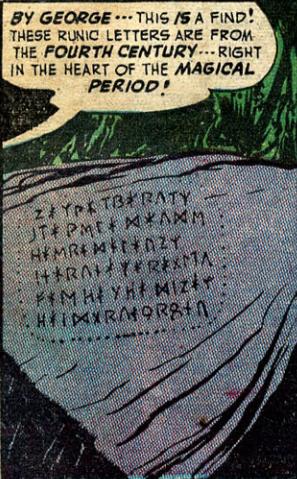
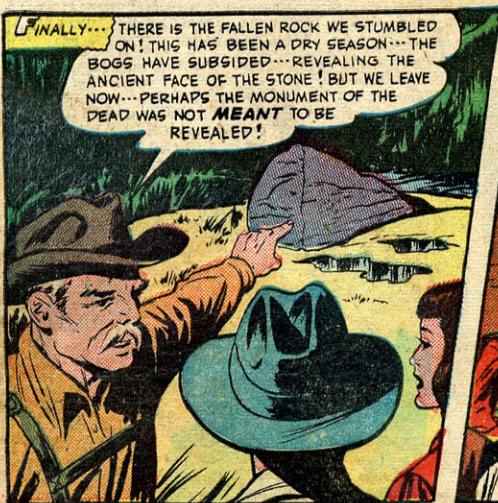


NEXT DAY...

SO THESE ARE THE TORSBJAERG BOGLANDS... THE CRADLE OF THE RUNES!



I... I WISH YOU HADN'T TOLD ME THAT SPIRITS ARE SAID TO DWELL HERE, CHARLES! MAYBE I... I WOULDN'T HAVE SUCH A STRANGE, CREEPY FEELING ABOUT THIS GLOOMY OLD SWAMP!



WHAT IT BOILS DOWN TO IS--
"THIS IS THE SECRET
MEANING OF THE RUNES
... I HID HERE POWER-RUNES,
UNDISTURBED BY EVIL
WITCHCRAFT--IN EXILE
SHALL HE DIE BY MEANS
OF MAGIC ART WHO
DESTROYS THIS
MONUMENT!"

GOOD GOSH! I
WONDER WHY THEY
LEFT A CURSE LIKE
THAT?

PROBABLY TO
SCARE VANDALS
AWAY FROM LOOTING
THE PRECIOUS STONES
AND GOLD ON THE
MONUMENT--BUT IT
DON'T SEEM TO
HELP IN THIS
CASE!

WELL, IT SCARES ME AWAY! I'D
HATE TO BE THE ONE WHO
SACKED THE MONUMENT--
WITH THAT TERRIBLE CURSE
HANGING OVER MY HEAD!
MAYBE A HARRY JAMES RECORD
ON MY PHONOGRAPH WILL HELP
ME SHAKE OFF THAT EERIE FEEL-
ING--OF SOMETHING UNCANNY
ABOUT TO
HAPPEN!

AH, THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
I MUST HAVE HEARD THAT
RECORD A HUNDRED TIMES
... BUT HARRY'S TRUMPET
NEVER SOUNDED SO SWEET
BEFORE!

SUDDENLY--IN
HOLLOW, SEPULCHRAL
TONES AMID THE TRUM-
PET ARPEGGIOS THAT
EMANATE FROM THE
RECORD ...

CHARLES
...LISTEN!

Haid runo tonu
SALARAK...
♪ ♪ ♪

GREAT SCOTT...
THOSE SOUNDS
SEEM TO BE
COMING FROM THE
RECORD! NO...WAIT
...THEY'RE MORE
THAN MERE SOUNDS
...I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE MY EARS!

I CAN'T BE SURE OF IT, BUT IT SOUNDS
LIKE THAT **RUNE CURSE** --SPOKEN
IN THE ANCIENT, ORIGINAL GOthic
TONGUE! THERE'S NO TELLING HOW IT
GET ON THE RECORD--BUT THIS IS
A PRICELESS CHANCE TO LEARN EX-
ACTLY HOW THAT LONG-DEAD LANGUAGE
WAS SPOKEN! I'M GOING TO PLAY IT
OVER AGAIN AND **REPEAT THOSE**
WORDS THE WAY THAT VOICE IS
PRONOUNCING THEM ...
SO THAT I'LL REMEMBER
EVERY SOUND OF IT!

NO, CHARLES...
DON'T--PLEASE
TURN IT OFF!

I'VE GOT TO, BLANCHE--THERE'S
NO TELLING WHEN THE VOICE WILL STOP
SPEAKING--AND I'LL HAVE MISSED THE
CHANCE OF A LIFETIME! SHHH... "Haid
runo tonu SALARAK hadra..."

Haid runo tonu
SALARAK hadra...
♪ ♪ ♪

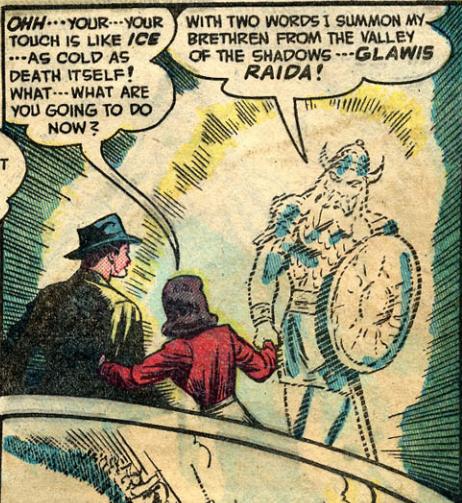
AND AS
CHARLES PRO-
NOUNCES THE LAST
WORDS OF THE
ANCIENT, MAGICAL
CURSE...

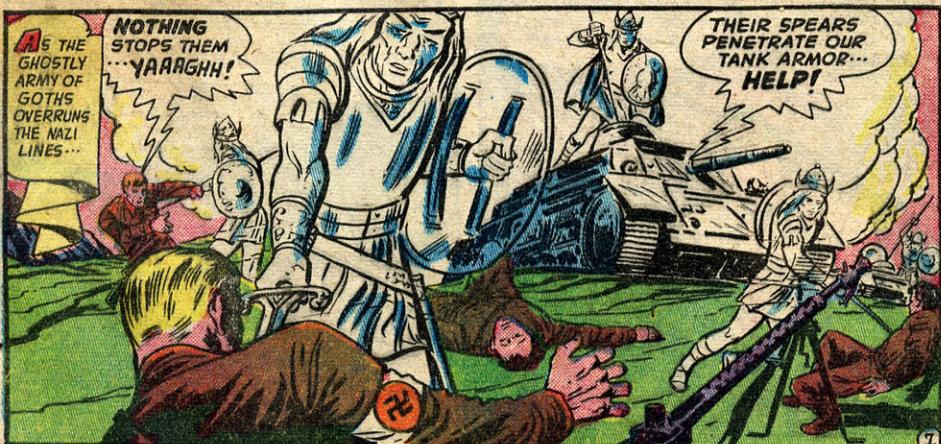
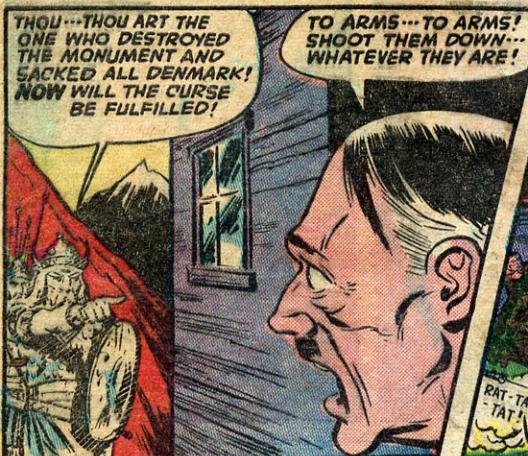
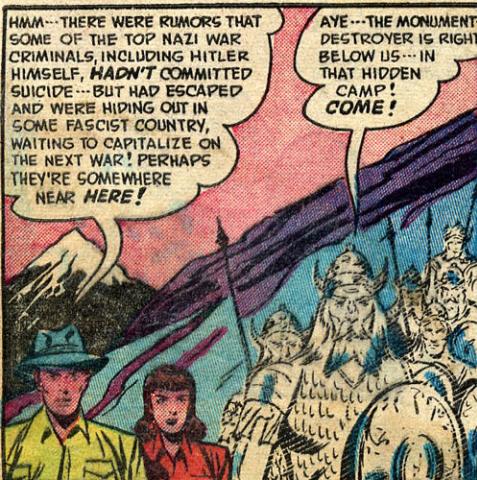
"...SAR
THAT
BARUTR!"

OH... THAT
GHOSTLY
LIGHT!

SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE
BLACKNESS OF THE FOREST
NIGHT...

WUU

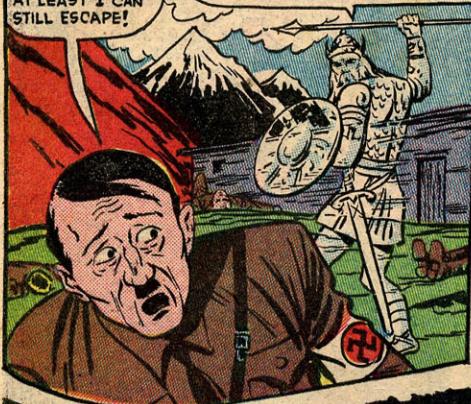




MY MEN...MY BEST
STORM-TROOPS...
ALL DEAD! BUT
AT LEAST I CAN
STILL ESCAPE!

IN EXILE SHALL HE DIE BY
MEANS OF MAGIC ART WHO
DESTROYED OUR MONUMENT!

ARGH!



THE GOTHS...THEY'VE VANISHED! DID WE REALLY SEE THEM... DID ALL THIS REALLY HAPPEN?

YES, CHARLES...AND THERE'S PROOF! LOOK WHAT YOU STILL HAVE IN YOUR HAND!



IT'S ON THE GROUND NOW...WHERE IT BELONGS! ---HONEY, I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THAT GOOD EVENTUALLY TRIUMPHS OVER EVIL...AND THIS TIME IT TOOK THE SPIRITS OF THE UNKNOWN TO MAKE SURE OF IT!



Announcing

OPERATION: PERIL

... NEWEST AND GREATEST
ADVENTURE COMICS MAGAZINE
EVER PUBLISHED!

NEW IN THRILLING STORIES WHICH
FEATURE ACTIONFUL ADVENTURE
AT ITS BEST!

NEW IN ZESTFUL PICTURE CONTENT
THAT SPELLS AMERICA'S FINEST ART!

NEW IN A SPARKLING GALAXY OF
COLORFUL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE
THAT YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER!

OPERATION: PERIL

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

A large, ornate Western saddle ring is the central focus. It is made of shiny, reflective material and has a detailed leather-like texture. Several children are shown interacting with it: one boy in the foreground is pointing at it, another boy is holding a piece of it, and two girls are looking up at it from below. Labels around the ring include: PERFECT SCALE MODEL, LARIAT, CANTLE, HORN, FITS ANY FINGER, STIRRUPS, and SUDADERO. To the right, a banner reads "BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! GET THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL REAL SCALE MODEL!" Below the banner, the text "WESTERN SADDLE RING!" is written in large, bold letters.

SO EASY TO GET!

Yippee! It's a honey-shiny airplane aluminum that won't tarnish—designed like a real hand-tooled Western Saddle! Send for it today and you'll be the envy of your neighborhood!

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WITH FRONT COVER OF
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Send to: Smith Brothers
P. O. Box 1158, Providence, R. I.

AND THE
BEST-TASTING
COUGH DROPS
TOO!

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
WILD CHERRY

I am enclosing 25¢ and the front cover of a Smith Bros. box, any flavor, for which please send me a Western Saddle Ring.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____
This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1951.
Smith Brothers, P. O. Box 1158, Providence, R. I.

EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

HELLO there, all you "Adventures Into The Unknown" fans--and are we glad to see you this time! Fact is, we're practically busting with good news--the very news you've been waiting to hear! All set? Let's go, then! Effective with this issue, "Adventures Into The Unknown" becomes a monthly magazine!

Yes, we'll be publishing every month, now, instead of every two months, as previously. And it's all due to you--to the thousands of requests that have deluged us from the faithful readers whom we've striven to serve! You've wanted it--and now you've got it! And now it seems fitting that we take time out to thank you for your loyal and wholehearted support. For our part, we can do no less than pledge a steadfast continuance of the policies that have made "Adventures Into The Unknown" America's favorite magazine of the supernatural. As ever, we'll strive to bring you the best in spine-chilling stories of the great *Unknown*, brought into thrilling life by ace illustrators. Ghosts, werewolves, vampires, zombies--you'll meet them in gripping legion in

our future issues! And for your part, we ask only that you continue to accord us the splendid loyalty and support that you've shown in the past. Don't forget to buy this magazine every month now--and to urge your friends and relatives to do the same! Remember--we're counting on you!

And, as always, we're counting on your letters. For the new monthly "Adventures Into The Unknown" will continue to be your exclusive magazine, and it's up to you to make your tastes and preferences known to us. Always we desire to know what's up your alley and what you dislike, so that we can mould this magazine according to your expressed wishes. We've done this successfully up to the present time--we've put in just the brand of stories you've asked for, while deleting those which you didn't like--we've made our book a monthly because you were impatient over the waiting-time between issues--and we're going to keep up the good work! It's letters of the following type, to cite just a few, that have kept us toeing the mark--is yours among them?

"Dear Editor:-

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-Tom Greene, Cincinnati, Ohio"

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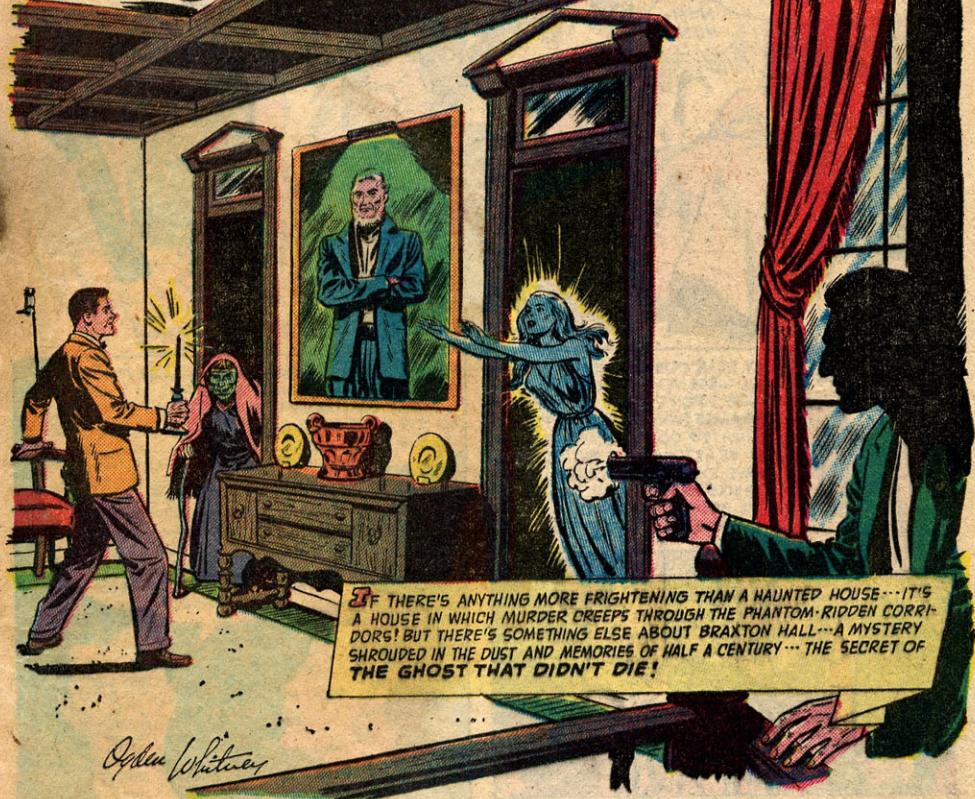
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-J. D. Osborne, San Francisco, Cal."

REMEMBER--WE'RE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

The GHOST *that didn't* DIE



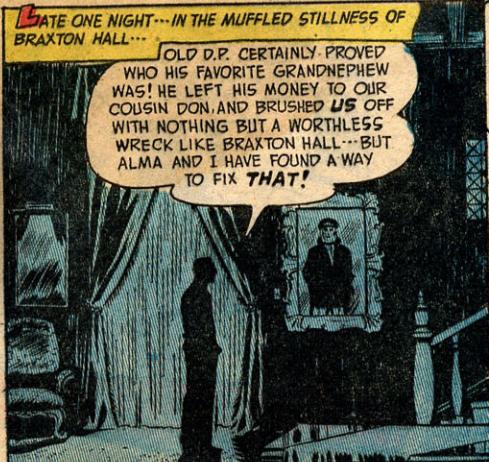
If there's anything more frightening than a haunted house... it's a house in which murder creeps through the phantom-ridden corridors! But there's something else about Braxton Hall... a mystery shrouded in the dust and memories of half a century... THE SECRET OF THE GHOST THAT DIDN'T DIE!

Owen Whitney

LATE ONE NIGHT... IN THE MUFFLED STILLNESS OF
BRAXTON HALL...

OLD D.P. CERTAINLY PROVED WHO HIS FAVORITE GRANDNEPHEW WAS! HE LEFT HIS MONEY TO OUR COUSIN DON, AND BRUSHED US OFF WITH NOTHING BUT A WORTHLESS WRECK LIKE BRAXTON HALL... BUT ALMA AND I HAVE FOUND A WAY TO FIX THAT!

NO WONDER YOU LIKED DON--WHEN HE HAS THE SAME CRAZY IDEAS **YOU** HAD ABOUT SPENDING THE FAMILY FORTUNE ON NOBLE CAUSES! WELL, SUPPOSE ALMA AND I CAN PROVE DON'S CRAZY... SUPPOSE THINGS WORK OUT SO THAT WE'RE NAMED ADMINISTRATORS OF THE ESTATE--WHO'LL GET THE PEARSON MILLION **THEN?**



YES, DON ACTS LIKE YOU, D.P....HE EVEN **LOOKS** LIKE YOU...AND IT'S A PITY YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO SAVE HIM FROM WHAT WE'VE GOT PLANNED! BUT YOU'RE DEAD, YOU OLD FOOL...**DEAD AND IN YOUR GRAVE!**

HEEE! HEN-HEN!
KEEP BACK...
KEEP BACK! I
ALWAYS HAD A
FEELING THIS BAT
ROOST WAS HAUNTED
...AND NOW I **KNOW**
IT!

HAA. HA. HA!
...GET A GRIP ON YOUR
SELF, HARVEY... OR
YOU'RE APT TO GO
CRAZY BEFORE DON
PEARSON EVEN GETS
HERE!

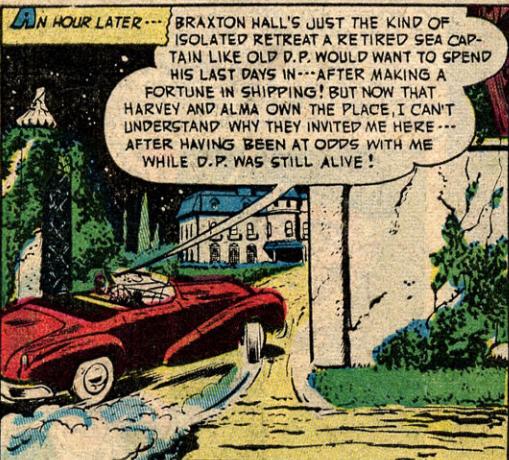
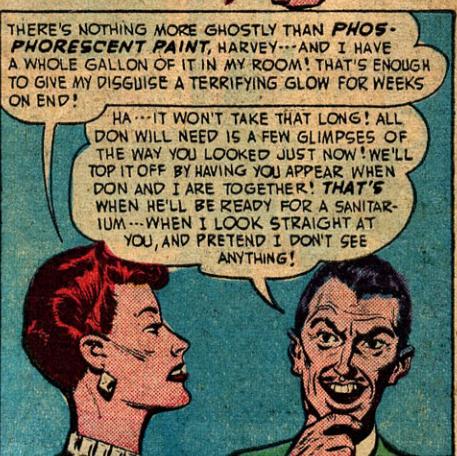


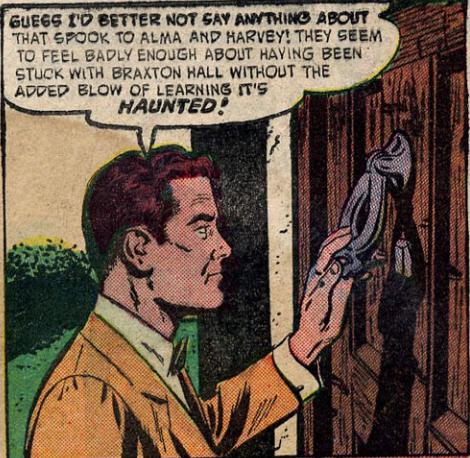
ALMA! WHAT KIND OF STUPID PRANK IS THIS?

MY DEAR COUSIN HARVEY...AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW I DON'T WASTE MY TIME ON **PRANKS**! WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE I INVITED DON TO STAY WITH US AT BRAXTON HALL? **WE** WON'T HAVE TO PROVE HE'S CRAZY IF HE THINKS HE IS...AFTER SEEING ME PROWL THROUGH THE CORRIDORS IN THIS DISGUISE!

THERE'S NOTHING MORE GHOSTLY THAN **PHOS-PHORESCENT PAINT**, HARVEY...AND I HAVE A WHOLE GALLON OF IT IN MY ROOM! THAT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE MY DISGUISE A TERRIFYING GLOW FOR WEEKS ON END!

HA...IT WON'T TAKE THAT LONG! ALL DON WILL NEED IS A FEW GLIMPSES OF THE WAY YOU LOOKED JUST NOW! WE'LL TOP IT OFF BY HAVING YOU APPEAR WHEN DON AND I ARE TOGETHER! **THAT'S** WHEN HE'LL BE READY FOR A SANITARIUM...WHEN I LOOK STRAIGHT AT YOU, AND PRETEND I DON'T SEE ANYTHING!





SUDDENLY...

SOMETHING'S MOVING
ACROSS THE ROOM...
TOWARD THAT OLD
SEA CHEST!



WHO IS THAT? ARE YOU
LIVING... OR SOMETHING
THAT DAD LIVE?

CR-REAR!

ORIGINALLY AS A SPIRIT CANDLE, THE
BRILLIANT LIGHT FADES... FORMING AN
OUTLINE PALE AS MISTY MOONLIGHT!

DONALD... IT'S YOU! I
DIDN'T NOTICE YOU UNTIL YOU
SPOKE... THE SAME VOICE,
THE SAME DEAR FACE I
LOVED SO LONG AGO!



YOU'VE GOT THE NAME RIGHT,
HONEY... BUT DON'T LET MY
MOMENTARY PALLOR FOOL
YOU! I JUST LOOK LIKE
A GHOST!

DONALD, PLEASE DON'T
JOKE... AFTER ALL MY LONGLY
WAITING IN THE SPIRIT WORLD!
I'VE TRIED TO REACH YOU EVER
SINCE THE NIGHT I DIED, FIFTY
YEARS AGO... THREE DAYS BEFORE
YOUR SHIP RETURNED FROM
CHINA... THREE DAYS BEFORE
WE WERE TO HAVE BEEN
MARRIED!



GREAT
GUNS...
YOU'RE
NANCY!

YOU DO REMEMBER ME,
DARLING! HOW MUCH LONGER
WILL I HAVE TO WAIT--
BEFORE YOU JOIN ME
FOREVER?



NANCY, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG DONALD
PERSON! THE MAN YOU LOVED WAS MY GRANDUNCLE! OLD
D.P. USED TO TELL ME ABOUT YOU... AND I KNOW HE LOVED
YOU TO THE VERY END, NANCY... BECAUSE HE NEVER MAR-
RIED ANYONE ELSE! HE GREW
TO BE A VERY OLD MAN-- FULL
OF MEMORIES OF YOU AND THE
SEA-- AND I WISH I COULD
HAVE BEEN WITH HIM WHEN
HE DIED THREE MONTHS
AGO!

WAIT A MINUTE! IF
D.P.'S DEAD... HOW COME
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM
HERE? WHY HAVEN'T YOU
MET HIM IN THE SPIRIT
WORLD?

IF YOU KNEW HOW MANY
UNCOUNTED SOULS WERE
SEEKING THEIR LOVED ONES
IN THE MISTY BEYOND...
YOU'D REALIZE IT TAKES
TIME! SOONER OR LATER,
I KNOW DONALD AND I
WILL MEET!



UNTIL THEN, YOU MUST HELP ME IN THE MISSION FOR WHICH I RETURNED! DURING THE LONG YEARS AFTER YOUR GRAND-UNCLE LEFT THE SEA, HE LOST TRACK OF HIS OLD SAILING MATES! ONLY A FEW OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE...LONELY AND UNABLE TO WORK...

WATCHING THE SLOW SHADOWS LENGTHEN OVER WHAT IS LEFT OF THEIR DAYS! FOR HIS SAKE... PROMISE ME YOU'LL HELP THEM!



THAT SOUNDS JUST LIKE WHAT I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR--A PERFECT WAY TO SPEND D.P.'S MONEY! BUT I SHARE THE ESTATE WITH MY COUSINS, ALMA AND HARVEY WHITING--AND MAYBE THE THREE OF US CAN WORK OUT SOMETHING THAT WILL **REALLY** HELP THOSE OLD BLUEWATER SAILORS! SUPPOSE I SPEAK TO THEM?

NO... SAY NOTHING! I SENSE SOMETHING IN THIS HOUSE THAT MOCKS THE WORLD OF SPIRITS! BEFORE YOU SPEAK OF GHOSTS... LET ME MAKE SURE THEY WILL **BELIEVE!**



AS THE PHANTOM FADES TO A SOFT GLOW THAT FILTERS THROUGH THE VELVET DARKNESS...

IT WASN'T A DREAM--OR JUST A WILD FLIGHT OF MY IMAGINATION! A GHOST ALWAYS NEEDS A DEFINITE PHYSICAL LINK WITH THE PERSON IT'S TRYING TO REACH--AND THESE ARE THE LETTERS NANCY WROTE TO D.P. BACK IN 1899!



NEXT MORNING...

THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE ASKED ME WHETHER I SLEPT WELL, HARVEY! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL! YOU JUST SEEM PALE, THAT'S ALL--ALMOST AS IF YOU'D SEEN A GHOST!



THAT'S INTERESTING... BECAUSE AS A MATTER OF FACT, I DID SEE A GHOST!

OH-H!



ALMA--PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER! BUT I DIDN'T... THAT'S WHAT YOU WANTED, WASN'T IT? I DIDN'T! I WAS KNOCKED OUT BY A FALL DOWN THE STAIRS--AND RETURNED TO MY ROOM WHEN I RECOVERED! HE SAW SOMETHING, HARVEY--BUT IT WASN'T ME!



I DON'T WANT TO APPEAR NOSY, BUT SINCE YOU TWO SEEM TO BE WHISPERING ABOUT ME... WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

I'LL TELL YOU! ALMA'S BEEN WORRYING ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID LAST NIGHT--THAT D.P. DIDN'T LEAVE YOU MUCH!



WHO ARE YOU TRYING TO KID, ANYWAY? IF
YOU'RE TRYING TO CONCEAL THE AMOUNT
OF MONEY IN THE ESTATE... THERE MUST
BE A REASON!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR
ATTITUDE THAT RATES A POKE IN THE
NOSE, CHUM--EXCEPT THAT I'M IN NO
HURRY TO LEAVE BRAXTON HALL!
JUST TO SET YOU AND ALMA
STRAIGHT MEANWHILE---D.P. LEFT
ME EXACTLY \$25,000!

\$25,000, EH? IF THAT'S THE CASE, THE REST OF
D.P.'S MILLIONS IS HELD IN TRUST---AND WE'LL
AUTOMATICALLY INHERIT IT IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO DON! WHY TAKE THE TIME TO
DRIVE HIM CRAZY---WHEN NO ONE KNOWS
HE CAME HERE BUT US?

BECAUSE EVER SINCE I
WAS A CHILD, I'VE BEEN HEARING
WHAT A FINE MIND DON PEARSON HAS!
I WANT A CHANCE TO WRECK IT, AL-
MOST AS MUCH AS YOU WANT THE
MONEY! LEAVE HIM TO ME! IF HE ISN'T
A BABBLING IDIOT BY TOMORROW
MORNING---WE'LL TRY YOUR
METHOD!

THAT NIGHT... WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO ACT FRIGHTENED
WHEN DON MENTIONED HAVING SEEN A
GHOST---INSTEAD OF REALIZING IT WAS
JUST HIS CLEVER WAY OF TRYING TO
CATCH US OFF GUARD!

I JUST HOPE THAT DON DOESN'T
BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ANY MORE
THAN I DO---BECAUSE TONIGHT
HE'S GOING TO GET THE SHOCK
OF HIS LIFE!

AH! I CAME HERE
TO PLEAD WITH HER
AS I PLEASED WITH
DON---AND I ARRIVED
JUST IN TIME TO
OVERHEAR WHAT SHE
HAS IN MIND!

THIS IS THE EVIL FORCE
I SENSED! UNBELIEVER
---LOOK BEHIND
YOU!

HARAGHT!

DON MENTIONED ANOTHER ONE
---HARVEY! IT WILL BE EASY
ENOUGH TO LEARN HIS
INTENTIONS---IF HE
THINKS I'M HER!

ON A FLASH... NANCY CHANGES HERSELF INTO AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF THE HORRIBLE FIGURE SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR!

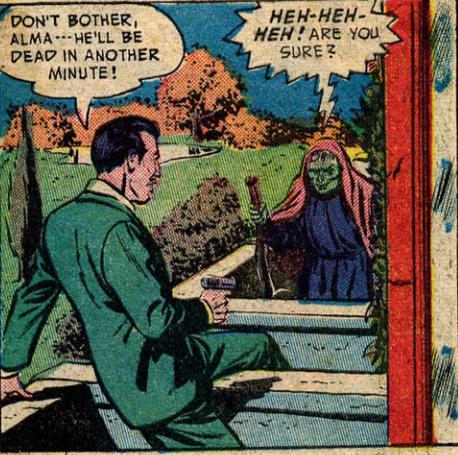


AN INSTANT LATER... THE HIDEOUS FORM SOARS FROM THE DARKENED WINDOW!



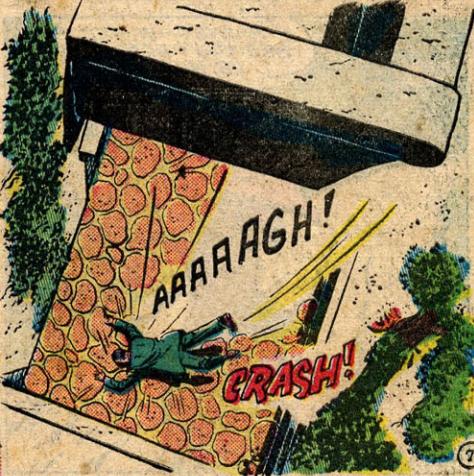
SOON AFTERWARD...

I'VE BEEN WATCHING ALMA... AND SHE'S DONE NOTHING BUT STAND OUTSIDE DON'S HOUSE! I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG SHE NEEDS TO SCARE HIM -- BUT I'M GETTING TIRED OF WAITING!



ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW SOMETHING DEAD WHEN YOU SEE IT?

THAT FACE --- IT'S MOVING... GETTING MORE AND MORE HORRIBLE! IT'S NOT A MASK --- IT'S NOT ALMA!





YOU SEE, DON... I PRETENDED TO DIE JUST TO SEE WHAT USE MY HEIRS WOULD MAKE OF WHAT I LEFT THEM... AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO VERIFY MY SUSPICIONS OF HARVEY AND ALMA!

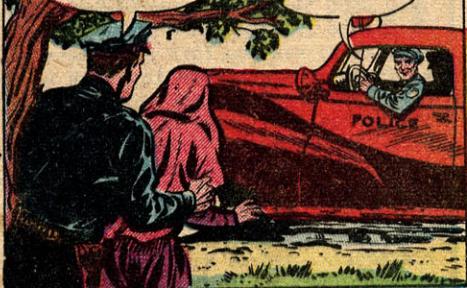
THAT REMINDS ME... WHERE IS ALMA?



AT THAT MOMENT...

I FOUND HER RUNNING DOWN BRAXTON ROAD, MIKE... SCREAMING ABOUT GHOSTS! SEEMS THERE'S A WHOLE HOUSEFUL OF GHOSTS---AND SHE'S ONE OF THEM!

WHAT A CASE! GET THE HAND-CUFFS ON HER... WHILE I RADIO HEADQUARTERS FOR A STRAIT-JACKET!



SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...

THE FINEST OLD SAILORS' HOME IN THE COUNTRY, MY BOY! DO YOU SUPPOSE THIS IS WHAT NANCY HAD IN MIND?



I'M SURE OF IT, D.P.! THERE SHE IS NOW---WAVING TO YOU!



AS NANCY'S FORM GROWS DIMMER, DON WATCHES THE ANCIENT FIGURE BESIDE HIM---WAVING WITH A RADIANT SMILE, AS IF THE OLD OLD LOVE IN HIS HAZY EYES WAS A PROMISE OF SOMETHING THAT WOULD NEVER DIE!

SHE REMEMBERS --- TOO ...



AND MAYBE THAT'S WHY THE FADING FIGURE ON THE BALCONY SEES CAPTAIN DONALD PEARSON AS HE USED TO BE --- A LONG TIME AGO!

GOODBYE, MY NANCY! GOODBYE, MY LOVE! I'LL SEE YOU... REAL SOON!



THE END! 9

EDITOR

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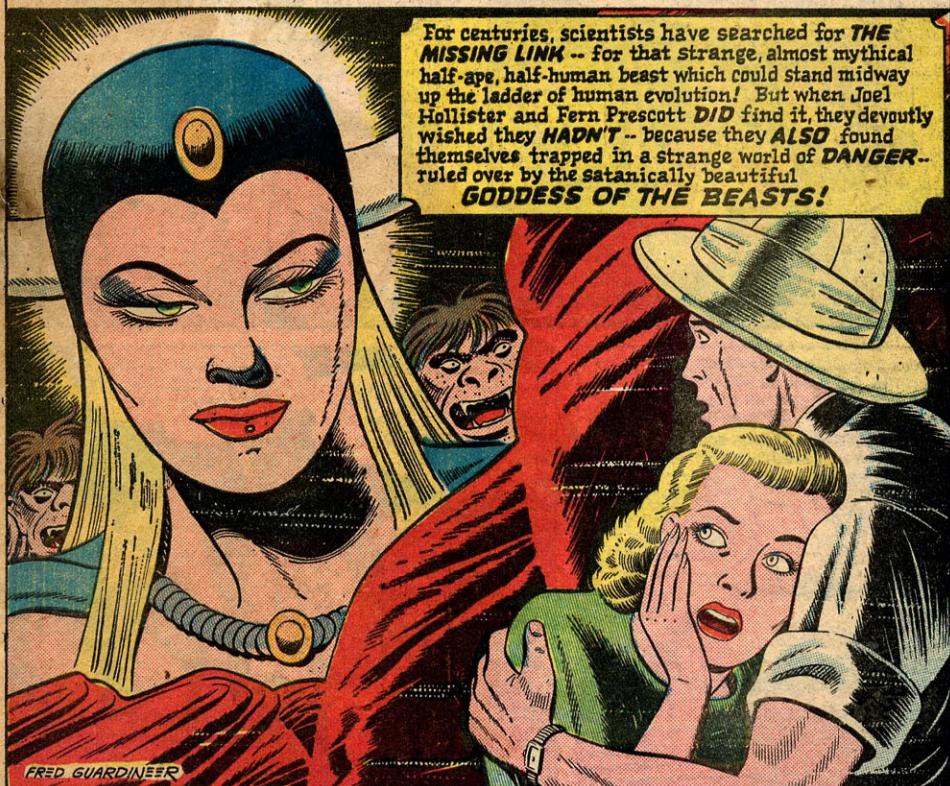
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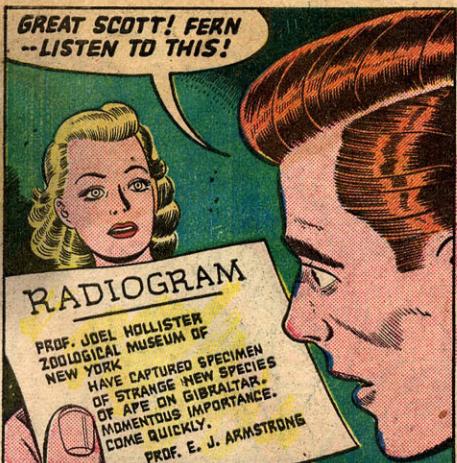
-J. D. Osborne, San Francisco, Cal."

REMEMBER--WE'RE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU!!

Goddess of The Beasts



For centuries, scientists have searched for **THE MISSING LINK** -- for that strange, almost mythical half-ape, half-human beast which could stand midway up the ladder of human evolution! But when Joel Hollister and Fern Prescott **DID** find it, they devoutly wished they **HADN'T** -- because they **ALSO** found themselves trapped in a strange world of **DANGER**... ruled over by the satanically beautiful **GODDESS OF THE BEASTS!**



YOU SEE, DARLING, STRANGE-LOOKING APES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO SUDDENLY APPEAR, DISAPPEAR, AND REAPPEAR MYSTERIOUSLY AT ODD INTERVALS ALL THROUGH THE HISTORY OF GIBRALTAR! BUT NONE HAS EVER BEEN CAUGHT BEFORE--UNTIL NOW! AND EVERY SQUARE INCH OF THE LIMESTONE CAVES ON THE ROCK HAS BEEN SEARCHED TO FIND THE APES' HIDING PLACE--WITHOUT SUCCESS!



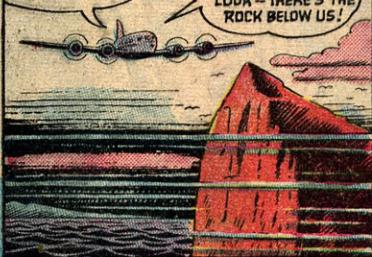
AND APES AREN'T THE ONLY ONES WHO STRANGELY DISAPPEAR THERE--**HUMANS** DO, TOO! OF COURSE, THERE'S AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF A SUBMARINE TUNNEL UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN, RUNNING FROM THE ROCK TO THE AFRICAN COAST OF BARBARY--11½ MILES AWAY--BUT THAT'S **FANTASTIC**! THERE MUST BE SOME **SCIENTIFIC** EXPLANATION--AND THE STRANGE APE THAT ARMSTRONG'S CAUGHT MIGHT GIVE US THE ANSWER!



JOEL--I'VE JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING! ISN'T THE MOUNTAIN ON THE AFRICAN SIDE OF THE STRAIT OF GIBRALTAR KNOWN AS THE **HILL OF APES**--BECAUSE OF THE GREAT NUMBER OF BARBARY APES FOUND THERE? THAT MIGHT BE EVIDENCE THAT THERE

IS A TUNNEL THROUGH WHICH THE APES CROSS OVER TO GIBRALTAR!

NONSENSE, DARLING--IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! OH--LOOK--THERE'S THE ROCK BELOW US!



AN HOUR LATER...

WELL, THERE IT IS--THE NEW SPECIES I CAUGHT! I WISH YOU COULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS, HOLLISTER! I CHAINED IT UNTIL I COULD GET A DAGE!

IT--IT'S HORRIBLE! IT'S LIKE THE MISSING LINK--IT'S NEITHER MAN NOR APE!



IT'S A FANTASTIC CREATURE--AND LOOK AT THE WAY IT STARES AT YOU, FERN! IT--LOOK OUT--IT'S BREAKING LOOSE!

OHHHH!



STOP THE THING, QUICK!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, FERN!
RUN!



BUT THE STRANGE, SIMIAN BEAST REACHES FERN, AND WITH A MIGHTY SWEEP OF ITS POWERFUL ARM...



GOT TO...
SAVE
HER...
GAAAGH!
WAIT, JOEL--
LOOK!
IT'S REELING...
STAGGERING!

AND THEN, BEFORE THE
STARING EYES OF ITS HORRIFIED
OBSERVERS, THE STRANGE BEAST
SUDDENLY BEGINS TO
DISINTEGRATE INTO DUST!



OHHH! IT... IT) THERE, THERE,
DISSOLVED
BEFORE
OUR
EYES!
IT'S NOTHING BUT A
PILE OF DUST--
THOUGH HEAVEN
ONLY KNOWS
HOW... OR WHY...

IT'S
INCREDIBLE!



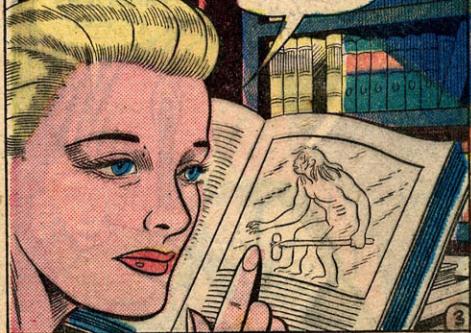
LATER... I... I'LL NEVER FORGET
THOSE HORRIBLE ARMS
AROUND ME... THE WAY IT LOOKED--
WAIT! THE WAY IT LOOKED --I'VE
JUST REMEMBERED SOMETHING!
PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG, IS THERE
A LIBRARY AT THE MILITARY BASE
HERE?

WHY, YES -- I'LL
TAKE YOU THERE
IF YOU THINK
YOU CAN SHED
ANY LIGHT ON
THIS MYSTERY!



AN HOUR LATER...

AH, HERE IT IS -- A PHOTOGRAPH
OF AN ANCIENT, PREHISTORIC
GIBRALTAR CAVE-DRAWING --
**THAT RESEMBLES
OUR APE-MAN
TO A T!**



AND LISTEN TO THIS -- "ACCORDING TO THE ANCIENT NATIVE LEGENDS THAT HAVE SPRUNG UP AROUND THIS PLEISTOCENE DRAWING, THESE MAN-LIKE GORILLAS HAVE EXISTED SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME! A WHILE COLONY OF THEM IS SAID TO HAVE BECOME THE SLAVES OF A STRANGE, FABULOUS GODDESS, IN RETURN FOR

THE ETERNAL LIFE WHICH SHE GAVE THEM!" IT ALL TIES IN WITH THE LEGENDS OF THE SUBMARINE TUNNEL!"

JUST THINK -- IF WE FIND THAT TUNNEL, WE'LL PROBABLY FIND THE GODDESS, TOO!

NONSENSE -- THOSE LEGENDS ARE PURE SUPERSTITION! WE'LL START SEARCHING TOMORROW -- FOR A PERFECTLY NATURAL SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION!

BUT, THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AFTER A DAY OF WEARY, FRUITLESS SEARCHING...

WHAT ROTTEN LUCK -- THIS CLOUDBURST WILL MAKE US CALL OFF OUR SEARCH ENTIRELY!

COME ON -- WE'LL HAVE TO SEEK COVER IN THAT CAVE OVER THERE!



OHH -- THAT... THAT LIGHTNING STRUCK JUST OUTSIDE THIS CAVE!



AFTER THE STORM...

JOEL -- LOOK! THAT BOLT BURNED AWAY PART OF THE BRUSH -- AND REVEALED A NEW CAVE! THIS MAY BE IT!

HMM... THE CAVE ENTRANCE WAS VERY CLEVERLY CONCEALED -- AND THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON! COME ON, LET'S INVESTIGATE IT -- THERE OUGHT TO BE PLENTY OF DRY WOOD IN THE CAVE THAT WE CAN LIGHT AND USE AS TORCHES!



THEN, IN THE EERILY FLICKERING TORCH-LIGHT, WITH STRANGE, QUIVERING SHADOWS ASSUMING MONSTROUS SHAPES AHEAD OF THEM...

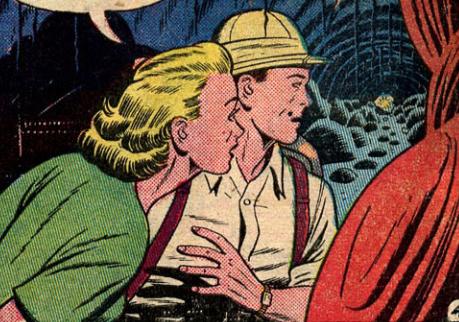
THE -- THE CAVE LED INTO A TUNNEL -- AND IT'S SLOPING DOWN IN A WESTERLY DIRECTION -- TOWARD THE BARBARY COAST! MAYBE YOU WERE RIGHT, FERN!

I... I WISH I WERE WRONG -- NOW! THIS ... THIS PLACE FRIGHTENS ME, JOEL!



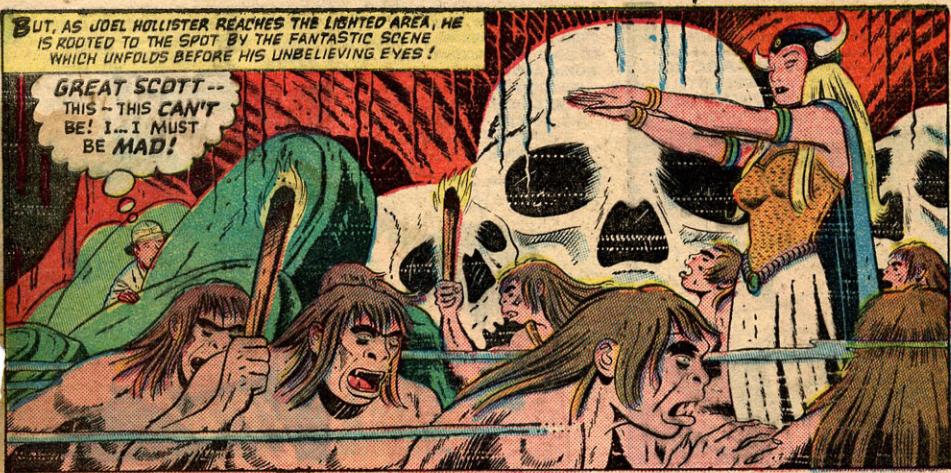
WE ... WE MUST BE UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN BY NOW! HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHERE THIS LEADS TO -- JOEL! WHY ARE YOU STOPPING -- WHAT'S WRONG?

SHHH! THERE'S A LIGHT AHEAD OF US! YOU STAY HERE -- WHILE I SNEAK UP AND INVESTIGATE!



BUT, AS JOEL HOLLISTER REACHES THE LIGHTED AREA, HE IS ROOTED TO THE SPOT BY THE FANTASTIC SCENE WHICH UNFOLDS BEFORE HIS UNBELIEVING EYES!

GREAT SCOTT --
THIS -- THIS CAN'T
BE! I... I MUST
BE MAD!



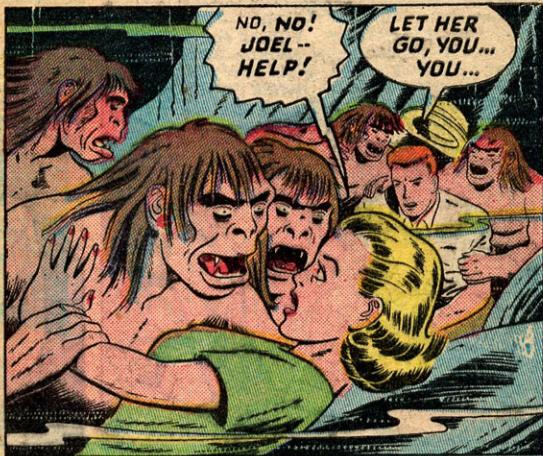
JOEL... WHY
DIDN'T YOU COME
BACK... WHAT--
OHHH!

A STRANGER
FROM ABOVE!
SEIZE
HER!



NO, NO!
JOEL--
HELP!

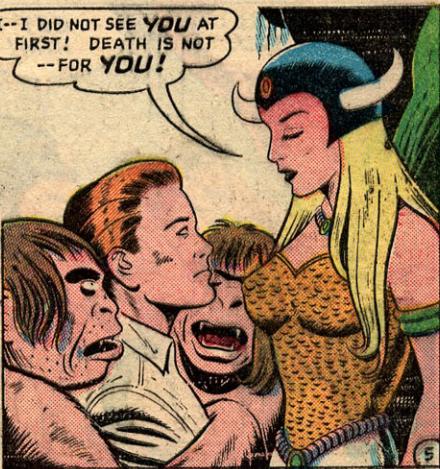
LET HER
GO, YOU...
YOU...



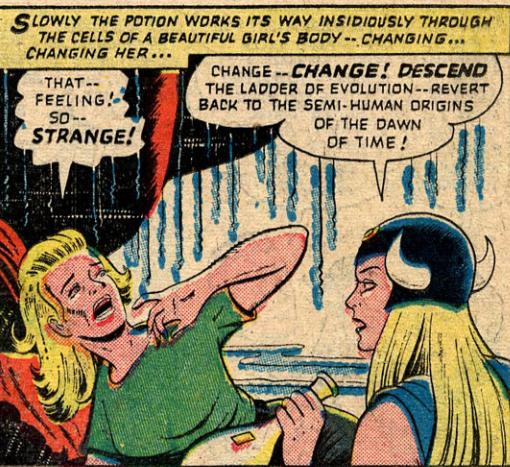
YOU HAVE DARED TO WITNESS THE
DANCE OF ETERNAL LIFE -- IN HONOR
OF MELOR -- THE ETERNAL
QUEEN! FOR THAT -- YOU DIE!

YOU... YOU CAN'T!
LET HER GO --
PUNISH ME
INSTEAD!

I--I DID NOT SEE YOU AT
FIRST! DEATH IS NOT
--FOR YOU!







YOU - YOU
CAN'T
MEAN THAT!
YOU
LOVED
ME - I'M
STILL THE
SAME GIRL
YOU WANTED
TO MARRY!

I'D **NEVER** MARRY YOU
NOW -- ESPECIALLY
AFTER I'VE MADE MY
CHOICE -- **MELDR!**
I'LL TAKE YOU BACK
TO THE TUNNEL
ENTRANCE -- **AND THEN**
I NEVER WANT TO
SEE YOU AGAIN!

GET MOVING!
THE QUICKER
YOU'RE OUT OF
MY SIGHT, THE
BETTER I'LL
FEEL!

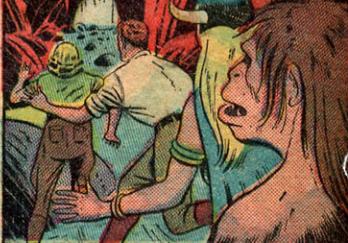
AH, BUT
I WON'T LET
YOU OUT OF
MY SIGHT!
COME,
SLAVES--
WE FOLLOW!

AS TWILIGHT GLEAMS THROUGH
THE CAVE ENTRANCE ...

THERE'S THE
OPENING! COME
ON, FERN --
RUN!

WHAT -- I WAS
TRICKED!
AFTER
THEM!

OHH--!



OUTSIDE ...

WE TOOK THE
WRONG TURN!
IT'S A
DEAD-END!

AND JOEL -- THEY...
THEY'RE COMING
CLOSER!



WE'RE
TRAPPED!
YES -- **TRAPPED!** AND
NOW MY SLAVES WILL
TEAR YOU TO PIECES!



SUDDENLY ...

SHE... SHE'S
STAGGERING--
FALLING--!

YAAAAGHH!



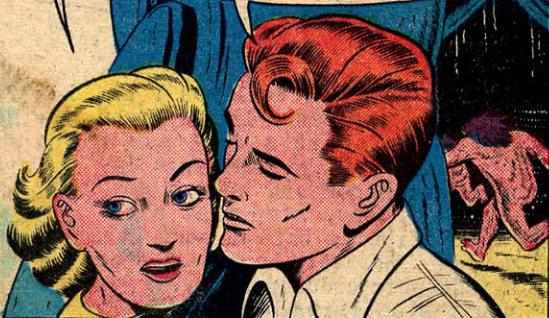
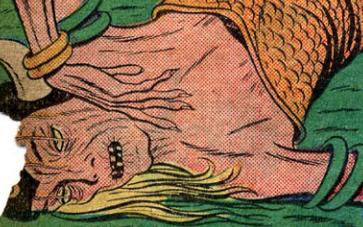
JOEL --
LOOK!



SHE'S CHANGED! SHE'S
HORRIBLY OLD--AS IF
SHE'S LIVED FOR
COUNTLESS
CENTURIES!

IT-- IT'S--
GHASTLY!

APPARENTLY THOSE HALF-APES THOUGHT SO,
TOO-- JUDGING FROM THE WAY THEY RAN FOR
THAT TUNNEL! BUT THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE,
SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION FOR IT ALL-- EVEN FOR
THE FACT THAT MELDR **DID** LIVE FOR UNTOLD
CENTURIES -- PROBABLY SINCE THE DAWN
OF THE HUMAN RACE!



SHE AND THOSE MISSING LINKS -- THOSE HALF-HUMAN,
HALF-APE BEASTS -- MUST HAVE FOUND SHELTER IN THAT
DEEP TUNNEL DURING ONE OF THE GLACIAL EPOCHS -- AND
THEY ALSO FOUND ETERNAL LIFE THERE! RECENT SCIENTIFIC
INVESTIGATIONS HAVE SHOWN THAT AGING AND
DEATH ARE CAUSED BY INVISIBLE COSMIC RAYS BOMBARDING OUR TISSUES -- BUT THE HUNDREDS OF FEET
OF ROCK ABOVE THAT TUNNEL **SHIELDED** IT FROM
THE COSMIC RAYS -- SO MUCH SO THAT LIFE COULD
BE **PROLONGED INDEFINITELY!**

I REALIZED ALL THAT WHEN I SUDDENLY REMEMBERED
THAT APE THAT DISINTEGRATED INTO DUST--AND TIED
IT IN WITH ALL THE ANCIENT LEGENDS! THAT WAS
WHY I TRIED TO LURE MELDR UP TO THE SURFACE
--BECAUSE THE COSMIC RAY INTENSITY UP HERE
WOULD MAKE ALL OF HER CENTURIES **CATCH UP**
WITH HER! I KNEW SHE WOULD AGE SOONER THAN
HER APES, BECAUSE SHE'S INCREDIBLY OLDER
THAN THEY ARE-- **WAIT!** THAT
SOUNDED LIKE A **CANNON!**



IT MUST BE
THE SOLDIERS--
AT TARGET
PRACTICE!

AND THEY MUST BE USING
HIGH EXPLOSIVES! LOOK
WHERE THAT SHELL LANDED -- IT'S
SENDING UP HUGE TONS OF ROCK!
IT MUST HAVE LANDED RIGHT ON
THE TUNNEL--AND **DEMOLISHED**
IT-- ALONG WITH ALL THOSE
HALF-HUMAN BEASTS!



LET'S FORGET ALL ABOUT DEATH
AND AGE -- **WE'RE** ALIVE AND
YOUNG! TELL ME ONE THING,
JOEL -- DID YOU **MEAN** WHAT
YOU SAID ABOUT NOT CARING
FOR ME ANY LONGER?

HONEY, YOU'RE GOING
TO BE KISSED IN A
MOMENT--AND THEN
**YOU CAN JUDGE
FOR YOURSELF!**



The Little GREEN MAN

"BUT MOMMY, I tell you I *saw* him...he was a little green man with rabbit's ears and a long tail, and he had wings instead of hands and he..."

"Now Bobby, stop that ridiculous fibbing this moment! You couldn't possibly have seen such a fantastic creature...and if you don't stop lying about it, I'm going to have to punish you by sending you up to your room without any supper!"

Bobby lowered his head and walked forlornly out of the living room, trying hard to fight back the tears which he knew an eight-year-old boy shouldn't give in to. But he couldn't help himself...the most wonderful thing in the world had just happened to him in his room upstairs...the most amazing little green man in the world had just flown through his window and had whispered strange, alluring tales of a far-off land into his ears...but nobody would believe Bobby, nobody even wanted to listen to him!

Almost bursting with the intense desire to share the news of this wonderful event with someone, Bobby wandered back into the living room. His mother was sewing, and she still looked very much annoyed...he'd better not try her again. But his father...maybe he would put his paper down long enough to listen to the story about the wonderful little green man!

Bobby walked timidly over to the big armchair and tugged at his father's sleeve. "Daddy, I really *did* see him! He wanted me to fly away with him to a place where children could..."

"That's enough out of you,"

his father said irritably, pushing him away. "Your mother told you what would happen if you kept on with those lies, so now you'd better fly...right up to your room, without any supper! Go on!"

Bobby turned, the tears of resentment welling up in his eyes. Miserably, he walked up the stairs to his room, sorry now that he had turned down the little green man's offer to fly away with him to that wonderful, far-off land where children laughed and danced and played all the day long. If only the little green man would come and ask him again, if only...

Bobby paused at the threshold of his room, his ears filled with that same faint, unearthly music that had heralded the approach of the little green man just an hour ago. Eagerly, he ran to the window and looked out...and sure enough, through the gathering twilight he could make out the figure flying through the air towards his room.

Happily, Bobby stepped aside to let the little green man hop into his room. The little man's eyes twinkled and his rabbit's ears twitched appealingly as he said with a broad, engaging smile, "Ready now, Bobby?"

It was only a matter of moments later that Bobby's mother stalked down the stairs and into the living room, a flush of outraged anger on her face. "Really, Tom, you're going to *have* to do something about that son of ours!" she stormed. "It isn't enough for him to tell falsehoods...now he's going in for outright disobedience! You sent him up to his room, but he must have run off someplace, because I just looked...and he isn't there!"

The BRIDE of ANUBIS

I'D BETTER HURRY HOME!
I'M GOING TO THAT MASQUERADE
PARTY WITH STEVE TONIGHT... AND
HE'S BRINGING MY COSTUME AT
EIGHT O'CLOCK! I'LL JUST
ABOUT MAKE IT!

CAN THE EVIL GODS WORSHIPED IN ANCIENT
TIMES RETURN... WIELDING THEIR STRANGE
POWERS AGAINST UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS?
IT'S A CHILL THOUGHT THAT HARDLY OCCURS
TO GAIL MASON AS SHE TAKES A SHORT
CUT THROUGH THE PARK LATE ONE EVENING
...LITTLE REALIZING THAT EACH STEP TAKES HER
CLOSER TO A TERRIFYING ADVENTURE... AS
THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS!

CREEPERS... A RING!
I MAY BE HEARING
THINGS... BUT I'M SURE
IT DROPPED FROM
SOMEWHERE!

PLINK!

DROPPED FROM SOMEWHERE... BUT HOW? IS THERE
AN ANSWER LURKING IN THE DARK, FAINTLY-STIRRING
SHRUBBERY?

THOUGHT I HEARD
SOMETHING... LIKE HEAVY
BREATHING! IS THAT A FIGURE
...STANDING THERE IN THE
BUSHES?

TH-THERE'S NO SENSE
WAITING TO FIND OUT!
I'M GETTING HOME...
FAST!

MINUTES LATER...

I'VE GOT THE QUEEREST NOTION
I DREAMED ALL THIS... BUT I
HAVE GOT THE RING! MAYBE
NOW I CAN SEE
WHAT IT
REALLY
LOOKS
LIKE!



AS THE WEIRD CREATURE STALKS IN...ITS CROAKING VOICE UTTERING A SINGLE WORD...

ANUBIS!

OH-H!

THE RING IS JOLTED FROM GAIL'S FINGER AS SHE FALLS...AND SLOWLY...RELUCTANTLY...THE MONSTROUS FIGURE FADES!



SOON AFTERWARD...

GAIL CALLED OUT MY NAME WHEN I PHONED...AND THEN THE LINE WENT DEAD! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED HERE... AND I HOPE IT ISN'T SERIOUS!



THAT THING... THAT THING...

GAIL...WHAT'S WRONG? IT'S ME, HONEY... STEVE!

WHAT'S THIS THING YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT...AND HOW COME YOU GOT YOUR OWN COSTUME? I WAS SUPPOSED TO BRING 'EM, REMEMBER? HERE, HONEY...YOU DROPPED YOUR RING!



STEVE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT THE FIRST TIME THE RING WAS DROPPED TONIGHT...NOR WHAT IT MEANS... NOW THAT IT'S BACK ON GAIL'S FINGER!



LATE? WE'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE THAT MASQUERADE PARTY, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN! I DIDN'T TAKE TIME TO PICK UP THE COSTUMES...BUT I DON'T MIND GOING AS I AM!

STEVE, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF... ANUBIS?

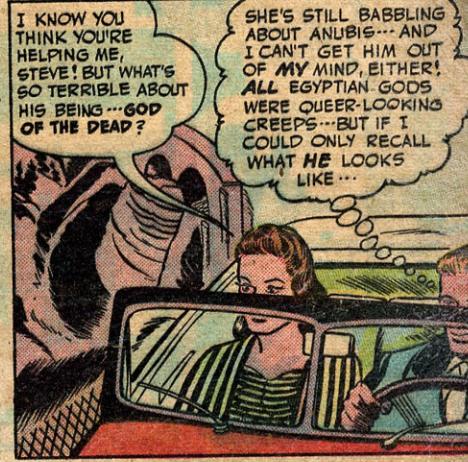


WHAT BROUGHT THAT UP? NATURALLY, I NEVER MET THE GUY...BUT I UNDERSTAND HE WAS THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOD OF THE DEAD!

ANUBIS... ANUBIS! IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NAME!



WONDER WHETHER I SHOULD HAVE LET HER DRIVE? GAIL ISN'T THE TYPE TO CARRY A GAG **THIS** FAR... THERE'S SOMETHING DEFINITELY WRONG WITH HER! AND WHAT'S WITH THIS ANUBIS? THE NAME KEEPS COMING BACK TO ME... AS THOUGH I'M LOOKING FOR A CONNECTION... **SOMEWHERE!**



WAS IT AN ACCIDENT...OR THE NAME GAIL INVOKED...THE NAME OF THE HIDEOUS GOD WHOSE RING SHE WORE?



SHE'S GOT THE CAR STARTED! GAIL... WAIT!



GAIL! SHE'S HEADING BACK TO TOWN... JUST AS IF SHE WERE IN A TRANCE... OR ACTING UNDER SOME SINISTER INFLUENCE!



I KNOW IT SOUNDS WILD... BUT MAYBE SHE'S MEETING ANUBIS... BACK AT THAT ORIENTAL SHOP RUN BY MUSTAPHA AHMED! I'VE GOT TO REACH A PHONE... FAST!



2 MINUTES LATER...



JUST A DARKENED SHOP... CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT... BUT AS GAIL SLOWLY APPROACHES...



I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU... I KNEW! AND NOW I'LL NEVER LEAVE YOU... FOR ANYONE...



Meanwhile...

I KNOW IT'S LATE, MUSTAPHA AHMED... BUT I'VE GOT TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND YOUR SHOP... TONIGHT! I'LL EXPLAIN WHEN YOU GET THERE... BUT FOR THE LOVE OF PETE, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME!





THOSE EYES... THAT HOLLOW VOICE! IT'S A DEMON... IT'S ALIVE!

WAIT! DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD!

NOW I BELIEVE IT! ANUBIS, THE EVIL ONE...
...THE ACCURSED! HIS SPIRIT MAY BE EVIL... BUT THIS IS JUST A STATUE... A HOLLOW STATUE WITH SOMETHING INSIDE!

THEN... AS THE GRIM IMAGE OF THE DEATH-GOD HINGES OPEN...

GAIL!

THE BRIDE... THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS! THE ANCIENT LEGENDS ARE TRUE!

MONSTER! HERE LURKED THE SPIRIT OF ANUBIS... IN THIS STATUE... AND HERE IT WILL PERISH!

BLAM!

STEVE... STEVE DARLING! SHE IS ALIVE? SHE HAS NOT DIED... THIS BRIDE OF ANUBIS?

YES, GAIL'S ALIVE... BUT SHE CAME MIGHTY CLOSE TO DEATH BY SUFFOCATION! AND NOW, MUSTAPHA... WHAT'S THIS LEGEND?

I AM AN ART-DEALER... WHO WOULD EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE SUCH MYTHS? BUT IT IS SAID THAT ONCE ANUBIS IS REMOVED FROM HIS ANCIENT TEMPLE... HE WILL SEEK A BRIDE AMONG MORTALS! SHE IS GIVEN A RING... AND HER MARRIAGE TO THE EVIL GOD WILL ENDURE AS LONG AS THE GEM REMAINS INTACT!

STEVE... YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ANY SILLY LEGEND! I DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE I'VE BEEN THROUGH... BUT IT'S OVER, PARLING!

AS LONG... AS THE GEM... REMAINS INTACT...!

THE FIGURE ON THE RING... SHATTERED... JUST AS THE STATUE WAS!

MUSTAPHA AHMED STARES FROM THE SHATTERED STATUE ON THE FLOOR TO ITS TINY DUPLICATE... ON THE RING... AND THEN HE KNOWS THAT THE EVIL POWER OF ANUBIS IS BROKEN FOREVER!

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AS MANY THRILLS AND CHILLS
FROM THE CHALLENGING COMICS
MAGAZINE THAT'S TAKEN AMER-
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PING GALAXY OF GHOSTS,
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10

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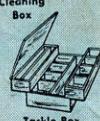
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